

NIGHTS OF THE SPIDER

(poems)

- by Brian Edwards

1.

NIGHTS OF THE SPIDER :

The spider I know  
does not speak with words  
but with action

the spider I know  
beholds the moon tonight

and the city buzzes  
with its electricity  
its drunkenness  
and its residual hauntings

and the spider I know  
hears my words  
as lost flowers  
withered in the alchemy

a mirage of Prague  
in my mirror

the spider  
has eyes of crystal balls

the alcohol  
cast me  
into the storm

and the spider  
is there in the widow  
like an illuminated sphinx

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2.

The spider in my window  
astral projects  
in the light  
of a New Jersey moon

it has gone off  
to try and catch  
flying saucers  
in its web  
on the other side

to me  
it looks like a mythic statue  
of ancient god eyes  
separated only  
by a barrier of glass  
and Luna's radiant veil

and now  
with my cigarette  
having reached its end  
I have inhaled this epiphany  
and will exhale  
crystal-gazed omens  
revealed by the spider

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- 9/2018

3.

The spider fights  
slays  
wins  
the spider stays  
alive another day  
another week  
the spider rules  
over his keep  
and to the rest  
of the world  
he pays no mind  
the spider sleeps  
dreams  
dreams about  
the Pacific Ocean  
the spider's needs  
are simple  
just a fly  
now and again  
and a place  
where he'll be left alone  
the spider feels  
the Sun and Moon  
the dust and the wind  
northern lights  
blaze before his eyes

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4.

The spider saw me  
and I saw the spider  
and the spider had  
nothing to say at first  
except for  
"what the hell do you want?"  
and then the spider  
told me  
how it had hopped a train  
all the way  
from the West Coast  
and how he had slain  
many a foe  
and I got the sense  
that the only reason  
that the spider  
even talked to me  
was because it was now  
living in my window  
and I just sat there  
and listened  
I saw the Moon through  
the glass  
and the spider told me about  
deserts and canyons  
cheap rooms  
drunks  
drunks  
and more drunks  
and a trail of slain flies  
left across the nation  
cactus  
cigarette smoke  
roads full of  
oblivious minds  
the spider  
told me about America  
through a spider's eyes

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5.

The spider sleeps  
this morning  
this morning  
with the Equinox  
just past

soon frost  
will slay roses  
I hope the spider's  
ambition last

soon it will be  
getting colder  
this is New Jersey  
and ours  
is not a tropical sea

the spider sleeps  
befall what may  
I will go about  
the spider will stay

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6.

The spider I know  
has knowledge of the the stars  
of the kaleidoscope nebula  
of Orion

the spider I know  
makes Elizabethan sonnets  
out of words  
is familiar with theaters  
older than  
our collective memory

he stays on his web all day  
separated from the blurry  
alienation of global commerce

the spider  
has found islands  
within himself  
far and distant  
out of sight  
of the metropolis  
and televised lies

the spider  
stays hidden  
from the falling meteors  
and the burst of ancient stars

in telepathic communication  
with spiders of Egypt  
as auroras glow radiant and mystical

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7.

This spider  
does not need astral planes  
musings of nowhere  
vibrations of imitation  
and pandering  
his web  
is like ice and steel  
and he'll hide from the world  
when it's hypocrisy is glaring

this spider  
on its island  
of spirit volcanos

hearing the songs  
of deranged  
murderous sirens

skeletal ribs  
strewn amongst rocks

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8.

At this late hour  
the spider is asleep  
as the world is full  
of information warfare  
and conspiracies

the media  
is compromised  
we just don't know  
who to trust anymore  
and trusting  
becomes a danger

and the spider  
wants no parts of this

and he spends his days  
in his web  
televised spin  
never reaches his eyes

and the media  
is compromised

the media  
is compromised

the spider  
is neither right  
nor left

and what can measure up  
to a day of silence

except the arrival  
of the fly

and then it's feast  
and joy

a ritual as old  
as our memory of it

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9.

Light has hit the window  
the spider seems asleep  
outside  
the world goes  
one way or another  
and the spider has yet  
to open his eyes  
to believe  
that anything really exist  
since yesterday

Perhaps today  
I'll follow him  
to the place  
where thoughts dissolve

waiting on the web  
waiting for the Universe  
to expand  
waiting for everything  
to become a star

and some liquor stores  
have stars in their windows  
and we are pulled in  
by the gravity  
of wanting to be exiled

we want to be away  
far away  
we want the nightmares banished  
we want pleasant dreams  
to overflow from marble fountains

we want violins  
playing at the street corners  
at least some of them

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10.

The spider  
here with me  
does not drink absinthe  
in absinthe cafes  
in nineteenth century Paris  
the spider  
stays here with me  
and together  
we count  
the millimeters  
to Orion  
together  
we tune our radios in  
to Jupiter's northern symphonies  
we send flashlight Morse Code signals  
to the constellation Pegasus  
then we wonder  
what's going on out there  
in the world  
what's happening in Baltimore  
in New York  
in Buenos Aires  
but then we decide  
not to think about it  
we'll be satisfied  
with the peace and the calm here  
we'll imagine beaches and palm trees  
flowerpots on balconies  
the serenades of delivery trucks  
heard in the night

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11.

The spider sleeps  
wakes up  
once and a while  
drinks some tea  
then sleeps again

and astral planes  
are spilling over  
and through these walls

I found out about  
the other dimensions  
the hard way

the spider seems fine  
either way

and it's his place  
and it's mine

and the skies are grey  
over this part of New Jersey

and we'll just stay here  
and be solitary  
solitary  
solitary

and far away in Ecuador  
many spiders  
are having dreams

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12.

I'm not sure  
if the spider  
can sense that  
it's raining

raining in South Jersey  
raining on the asphalt  
on the roofs  
on the cars  
raining  
where the light of stars  
touches the pine trees

raining  
where the Jersey Devil  
leaves his mark

I am sure  
the spider knows things  
but I cannot  
fathom his knowledge

now I'm down  
to the last bit  
of coffee

I am uncertain  
about making any more

the spider  
has left New Jersey  
in spirit  
and is now in Atlantis  
on a distant astral plane

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13.

I haven't seen  
the spider  
move all day

but then again  
I haven't moved much  
all day either

some days it just feels  
like there's an invisible  
black hole in my living room  
and there goes all my energy  
down into a void

I wonder if the same thing  
is happening  
to the spider to

right now  
outside  
the rain will show us  
no mercy

it doesn't inspire me  
to do anything  
or go anywhere

I suspect  
the spider  
feels the same way to

so here we both are  
like sloths  
with nothing to do

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14.

The moon  
breathes  
its dust of light  
down upon  
the eternal web

tonight  
there are  
a million palaces  
close by

stained glass windows  
of Aries

tulips of Jove

gardenias of Persephone

the spider has returned  
from the far lands

beyond the horizon

even further  
than where Calypso sleeps

the spider has returned  
to this window  
in Ithaca

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15.

It's rained all day  
no let up  
no appeasement  
the sky  
is letting us have it

and the spider sleeps  
and does not move a leg

tomorrow  
he will awaken  
and a fly  
will be forsaken

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16.

Tonight  
the spider king  
holds court  
and all the courtiers  
and even the king's fool  
are there

and the rest of the village  
are about their devotions

and the bells  
do not toll  
at such a late hour

and I am very glad  
they are not tolling  
being hungover  
from last night  
and I'm tired  
of being hungover  
so very tired of it  
I've used up all my drinkings  
and there's not much left now  
but a mind too easily battered

and if the damn bells were tolling  
I'd probably lose it  
but they aren't tolling  
and I'm too hungover to lose it

and I can't attend  
the spider's court  
but that's no surprise  
to anyone  
not even the spider king's fool  
they know  
I need to finally realize  
that I've used up  
all my drinkings

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17.

The spider has seen me  
he knows  
that I battle  
these audio vultures of the air

he has seen and heard  
all the heavy firing  
of words and voices

he has seen  
the mental crashes  
the splash downs  
the shoot downs  
and all that oppression  
in between

he knows that sometimes  
it's like a war zone around here

he has seen me  
staring at the stars  
and believing in their magic

he has seen me  
looking at the moon  
wondering what it would be like  
to be there

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18.

The rain has ceased  
maybe the audio plague  
is over  
but I doubt it

the room is full  
of invisible crows  
and still the spider sleeps

omens and words  
spoken on ancient mountains

maybe the skies  
will clear tonight  
but not likely

what lies within  
the garden of thorns  
and shadows

invisible crows  
trained  
in hypnosis warfare

it is all too late  
to worry about it anyway

the orchids  
will forget  
my name

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The End

September, 2018